

PREFACE

When a person has reached the eighty-second mile post in his journey through life, he is able to look back over the events of his life and calmly and dispassionately review them. He has formed many attachments that have been forcefully sundered; while he no doubt has contributed his part in the breaking of others. Life would not be worth the living if each of us knew what we were unerringly going to do through all the years before us. It is the uncertainty and the unexpected perplexities that give it zest. All of us begin with a more or less definite objective in the first days when we stop to think of the future. To some comes a glorious realization of their ambitions; to others bitter moments of disillusionment and unending despair. But to him who steadfastly keeps his face to the fore, ready to grapple with the problems as they come to him, and takes the ram by the horns, is permitted the full enjoyment of earth's blessings.

I have been prompted to write this book in part that the urge of expression might be given freedom, and in part that my children and grandchildren might be able to trace something of their ancestry, and in part that I might be able to express something of my good will towards several of my friends before I am finally placed to rest. It has been a task of love. I have again lived through scenes of joy and gloom, of happiness and despair, of promise and discouragement.

In it all I have lived, loved, hated, fought, helped, condoned as well as received anew the thrill of being loved, of being hated, of being helped, and of being forgiven. Verily, life is one grand and glorious mixture of emotional thrills! I wish to acknowledge thanks due to those who have helpfully co-operated with me in furnishing information, and providing encouragement in the task.

Thanks are also due to my grandson, Henry Grady Owens, for suggestions, and for the editing of the manuscript, and to him and his wife for the preparation of it for the printer.

To the reader I express the hope that he will be enabled to see something of love in it for him, and that he will, if he is a connection of those mentioned in the book, learn something that will afford a lasting satisfaction in finding here something about his kindred that he has either forgotten or has not known. To his tender mercy I leave it.

R. M. JOLLY
Gaffney, South Carolina
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